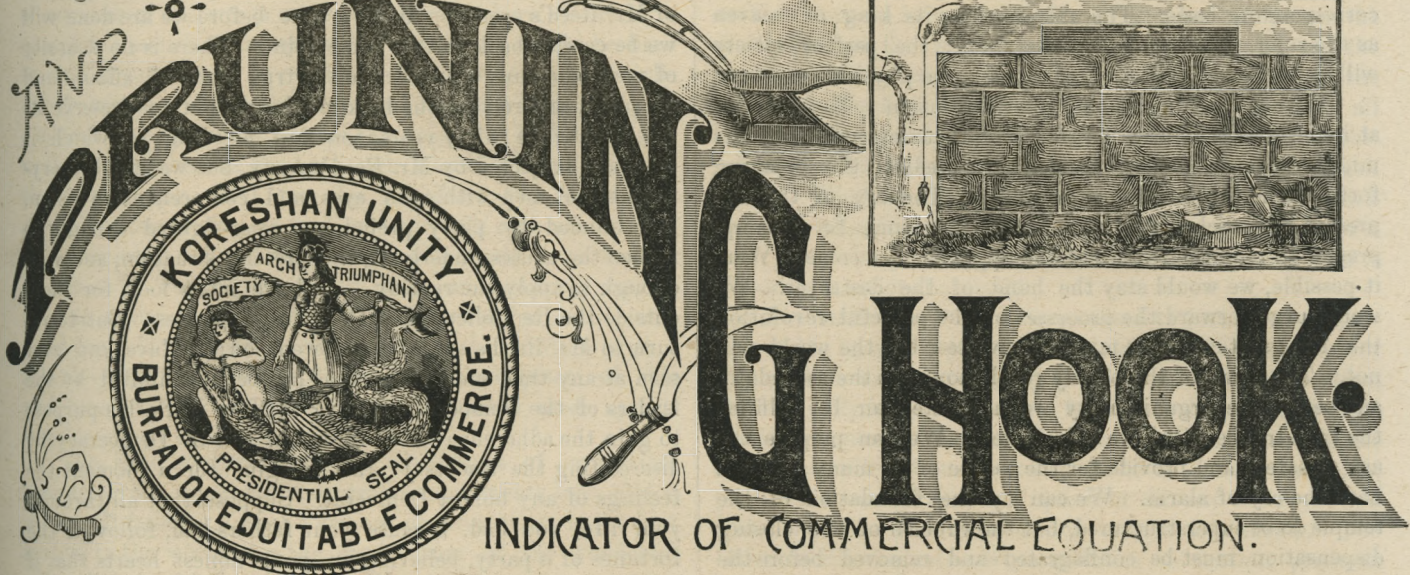


THE PLOWSHARE



Vol. II. No. 17.

CHICAGO, ILL., OCTOBER 27, 1894.

\$1.00 per Year.

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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF VICTORIA GRATIA.

Analysis of the Omaha Platform.

[CONTINUED FROM VOL. II., No. 16.]

We have shown the inevitable determination of the second proposition of the Omaha Platform; namely, that it is communistic. We now unqualifiedly pronounce it righteous, and in accord with the purpose and life of the great Communist,—the Christ. That it is in direct contradiction to the platform as a whole, the application of the first principle of reason will dictate. We endorse the platform in so far as its measures are those of the commonwealth; beyond this we would educate the party. Can the principles of the second proposition be carried out through political methods, in harmony with the present provisions of our laws? and if so, what are the processes?

Wealth belongs to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry, without an equivalent, is robbery. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies are identical.

That the wealth hoarded by the monopolist—through

his piracy of the products of industry—belongs to the people, is the statement of the proposition. Shall we take the accumulations made through the application of the laws of the competitive system—recognized both by legislation and custom—and redistribute this wealth to the people? This is not necessary. There are certain legitimate steps toward the desired goal of those who believe in the commonwealth. The first is the destruction of the gold power, not by enlarging the possibilities of the millionaire to the promises of a billionaire, but by the removal of the stamp from gold, a right demonstrated by the gold power itself in its example as regarding silver. We have the unquestionable right to demonetize gold, as a legal process. By this means the stronghold of the gold power is taken. The stamp on gold is special legislation in favor of the gold mine owner and the gold holder. A stamp on silver is special legislation for silver. Remove the monetary stamp from everything used as money. Can this be done through political action? Not as politics is at present conducted. Then by what means can it be accomplished? The Bureau of Equitable Commerce has outlined the only possible plan for the accomplishment of this end.

The system of industrial exchange as instituted through the Bureau of Equitable Commerce, to be carried to universal success through the organization of the camps of the Patrons of Commercial Equation throughout the country and throughout the world, offers the only basis upon which a just and peaceful revolution can be predicated and accomplished. There must be no contradictions in a platform upon which an enduring structure can be reared, calculated to meet the demands of this present and culminating hour.

A thousand men, having what they suppose to be the panacea for the labor and financial strait, without co-operating in a system of organic unity, will never accomplish the result. There is one perfect system, and only one. A knowledge of the laws and forms of construction harmonizing the physical cosmogony, comprises the foundation for the construction of the perfect society. There is an exact correspondence between the form of the physical cosmos and the form of the perfect commonwealth. The form and function of the one constitute the pattern for the organic unity of the other. The physical universe has an exact form; the perfectly constructed kingdom will have a corresponding form. The physical universe (the cosmos) is governed by laws in which

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We are reaching the verge of revolution. The hour is at hand. Already the surging and heaving mass, by its mighty though hidden mutterings, predicts the breaking forth of the fires of the pent-up deep. The cry of the oppressed has reached the throne, and the time for the oppressor to reap the reward of the oppressor has come. Were it possible, we would stay the hand of the destroyer. We would urge forward the processes of the peaceful revolution that the great calamity might be averted, but the world will not. The spirit of the bloody revolution is in the ascendant, and before the organic unity we advocate can be fulfilled the catastrophe will have culminated. We can prepare the ark of safety and provide for the escape of as many as will heed the cry of alarm. We can lay the foundation of the temple to be superstructured, but the rubbish of the closing dispensation must be conflagrated and removed before the new kingdom can be established. The fires of political hatred must burn till the earth is purified—through destruction—for the brotherhood of man.

Men may flatter themselves that peace will continue to reign; that the conflict of opinion on the labor and financial questions will subside, and that, through a new political party, politics will be renovated of all its evils. We say that without a transformation of the hearts of men, by some process greater than political conversion, the brotherhood will not have its birth, nor the kingdom its establishment.

A Typical Republican Speech.

On Saturday night, the 20th of October, Thomas B. Reed delivered in Chicago a regulation Republican tariff speech. With the characteristic impudence of his kind, ignoring the panic of 1890 and '91, he talked of the unfortunate condition of the country during the past two years, making this declaration, "For the last thirty years, the Republican orators have been telling you that free trade, or even the approach of it in this country—even the shadow of it on this green earth—would bring to you disaster; and perhaps death and ruin." Of course, the Wilson Bill is that shadow; and the ruin is upon us, unless a halt is called at once,—and they told you so! He declares that such a halt is to be called at once, by Republicans, with the assistance of the rank and file of the Democratic party, who always, in times of great public crises, lay aside party feeling. He implies that the Republicans never need to lay aside party feeling, for they are always acting for the best good of the nation. A dissection of this speech by this Republican leader will disclose the quality of stuff such speeches are made of. When men are led by such talk, one feels compelled, however reluctantly, to agree with that daughter of Erin who declared that "the most of men haven't the sense God gave the geese."

Think of four or five thousand men applauding such a sentiment as this: "If that should not be so, [i. e., if the Democrats should not come to the aid of the Republicans in an effort to continue a high tariff,] even then the superabounding faith which I have will enable me to do that which I have done all my life,—that is, shut my eyes and bet on the United States of America." In view of the destructive policy pursued by Mr. Reed's party for the past thirty years, a policy which has robbed the nation, and brought it to a precipice on the very verge of which it trembles ready for the final plunge, one can easily believe

that if he bets on it at all, he does so with his eyes shut. But that any portion, however inconsiderable, of the people of this country should be led by such a man carries us back to the geese proposition. And we are only at the beginning of Mr. Reed's speech. Many a time before we are done will we be carried back to that same point. There is no scarcity of men who shut their eyes to the true state of affairs and its cause, and rely on the luck of the nation to preserve its life despite the thirty years constant bleeding to which it has been subjected by Mr. Reed's party, but we stand in crying need of men with open eyes and comprehensive vision, not blinded by party prejudices, clear-sighted enough to realize the causes underlying the present situation, and wise enough to apply the remedy. And we must look for them outside the Republican and Democratic parties. But to return to Mr. Reed's speech. He went on: "Have you ever seen at any time such madness as has been exhibited by the leaders of the Democratic party? [Now mark his purpose to gain the adherence of the rank and file of Democracy by discrediting the leaders.] Just imagine for a moment the feelings of any honest Democrat. Suppose that all through your life, you had, because your fathers had, followed the fortunes of a party, believing in your honest hearts that if they ever got into power they would be a shining example of good government and honest purpose,—suppose you had succeeded in the fight and you found yourselves in the position we have been in for the past two years, what sentiments would fill your minds?" Let us answer Mr. Reed. We would be filled with indignation at a party which, while professing the loftiest purposes, has, through its thirty years' ascendancy, placed the nation where no less than God himself in the flesh can rescue it. For as certain as that the sun shines, just so certain is it that this country is in such plight today. The Democratic party, coming into power at the time it did, however honest its intentions might have been, (though we vouch for nothing on this line,) was powerless to avert the crisis. The momentum of the downward course had become so great that only the arm of God himself could stay it; and where is that arm? And yet, Czar Reed, as the representative of the party which, after the Devil, is entirely responsible for the havoc wrought, faces an audience with the audacity of Beelzebub himself, and declares that the Democrats, out of power all those years have succeeded in two years in utterly wrecking the nation. Why, a party able to accomplish that in two years could never have been kept out of power for almost a third of a century! No opposing party could stand before such a destructive potency as that party must possess. Nevertheless, men can be found to listen to such statements as Mr. Reed's, and—ye gods!—to believe them.

The speaker went on to say that in next November the election would turn upon business questions, which means upon the everlasting tariff. After a rigmarole not necessary to repeat, he asserted that he had been showing them that the element of uncertainty in business, introduced by the Democrats of course, is the cause of all the present evil industrial conditions. Now, as a matter of fact, he had not shown them anything. But he said he had, and his auditors believed him—at least they applauded him. This is the style of a Republican orator. He does not offer any logical arguments or advance any proofs. He simply makes impudent assertions. Such style of persuasion is a poor compliment to an audience, but so long as the audience does not realize this, it is safe. He went on to ask his hearers what they wanted for the next two years,—certainty or uncertainty. Then came another rhetorical flight. "Now, mark you, I am only speaking of the temporary subject of this present election. When the whole broad subject is open in 1896, we shall have learned wisdom enough to take care of that question then in a manner that will be convincing forever. But let us endeavor, if we are wise and sensi-

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Mr. Reed next talked of the advantages of protection, advancing the same old mossgrown statements with which we are all familiar,—that a system of protection is the best system in the world "for the distribution of the wonderful gifts of God which are strewn all over this mighty land,"—that protection is an attempt "to get all the profit that we can possibly have out of our business and out of the gifts of God in this country." But of *how* these things are to be accomplished by protection—not one word! No explanation of how, if protection is the best means to secure the distribution of wealth, it has happened that the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few has gone on so rapidly during the years of a high protective tariff. Then he talked of our market, which, he said, was, in 1892, the greatest market in the world because all the people had money to spend, and a great market is simply a place where people have money to spend, and the people have not money to spend now because the Democrats are in office, and—a great deal more to the same effect, ringing the changes on the word *money*, that word so sweet to the ears of the millions. Oh, he knew his audience! He stated that wages had gone on increasing until, at the time Cleveland was elected, for every dollar the man of brain and muscle gave, he received one dollar and seventy-one cents. How he justifies this statement from well-known facts is hard to understand. In fact, what he means by it at all is hard to find out. But it sounds all right if one does not try to find any sense in it; so it answers Mr. Reed's purpose. Then he did an example in simple arithmetic, reckoning 15,000,000 wage-earners, multiplying one cent by that number, making \$80,000 a day increase, \$30,000,000 a year increase, and if one cent a day meant \$30,000,000 a year, seventy-one cents meant \$2,150,000,000. Imagine if you can the profound sensation he created by impressively rolling out the words, "Two billions of dollars!" Can you not hear the cheers of that enlightened American audience? He said that this extra sum was spent making this the greatest market in the world. Now, suppose all this to be true,—and Mr. Reed's saying so is not an absolute guarantee that it is,—what has become of that two billions of dollars which he would imply were in circulation two years ago? Where are they now? He neglected to add that, if they ever existed, they have been withdrawn into the vaults of their owners, the National Bank Kings, enthroned by Mr. Reed's party during its many years of power. In almost the next breath he stated that wages are not to be summed up as they used to be in the old books on political economy, as a mere question of division—given so much of a wage fund, given so many people, make them the divisor and the wage fund the dividend, and the quotient is the answer. "Our wages today depend not upon any such juggling calculations, the elements of which no man ever knew," blared Mr. Reed. Now what is the difference, let us

ask, between this latter method of calculation and his own? He makes it a mere question of multiplication—the converse of division,—that is, he uses exactly the same method, only beginning at the other end—given so many people, given such an increase in wages, make the number of people the multiplier and the wage-increase the multiplicand, and the product is the answer. The same principle exactly. If the old way is juggling, this also is juggling. But to note all the absurdities and inconsistencies in the speech of this "chief" would consume more time and space than we can afford. What we have noted indicate the whole. And such a speech influences full grown men!—and wins votes for a party!—and in spite of such evidence to the contrary man is yet called a rational animal!

The tariff question can be resolved to just this: A portion of the people desire protection because the interests of that portion are promoted by protection; another portion, about equally large, advocates free trade because free trade would promote the interests of this latter portion. These conflicting interests make it impossible to satisfactorily and permanently settle the tariff question on any lines yet laid down by either the Republicans or the Democrats. The effort to discriminate—levying duties on certain products and making others free of duty—increases the conflict and the uncertainty. The paramount question is, How are these conflicting elements to be harmonized? If it is not possible to harmonize them under our present system of government, then there is something radically wrong with that system, and it is the duty of statesmen to discover where the wrong lies and to remedy it. But the problem is too broad and too deep for the puny mind of Thomas B. Reed to grasp.

There is one other point to be noted. The speaker dwelt upon the fact that the Republican party controlled this country for thirty-one years—for he did not count Cleveland's first four years as interrupting that reign (we presume because they were prosperous years and consequently must be counted for the Republicans). "Are you aware how remarkable that fact is in the history of the world? That continuance for thirty-one years of the same party in power is without a parallel in the history of the world." Thus asked and answered Mr. Reed. But he omitted to state that the devastation wrought in that time is equally remarkable and equally without a parallel in the history of the world. The day is fast approaching when it will be a hard matter to find a man with sufficient temerity to acknowledge that he ever voted with that party at any time during those years of infamy. We do not advocate the cause of the Democrats, but justice compels us to protest against their being blamed for that which, if they have had the will to accomplish, they certainly have not had the opportunity.—*Ella M. Castle.*

The Brotherhood of the New Commonwealth.

There being two factions of the Populist enterprise in Chicago, practically demonstrates the truth put forth by THE FLAMING SWORD and THE PLOWSHARE AND PRUNING HOOK, that something more than political purpose must determine the settlement of the great questions of the hour.

"How these brethren love one another," does not quite fit the present status of the two figments contending for recognition. If the Populists are to march to victory this fall, they must get out of the hands of the two old parties—where they are at—and get into line before election day, otherwise their votes will not count.

Give to the world the equation of justice, well conditioned with equity and mercy, and we will soon begin to realize the efficacy of the golden rule in the inauguration of the golden age.

ble men, to have wisdom enough for today and trust to providence for wisdom enough for tomorrow, for those who had sense enough to get through yesterday, usually have sense enough to get through today." In spite of the frequent occurrence of the words *sense* and *wisdom* here, there is a complete absence of the essence of either. It would be hard to find a jumble to equal this. The latter part reminds one irresistably of the old darkey who, on the first of April, declared that he should not die that year, for he had usually noticed that when he lived through March he lived through the whole year. But for the "chief of the Republican party" to stand before an audience and talk such arrant nonsense causes one to seriously ask, Is he a fool?—or a knave?—or both? To a rational mind, it is an enduring marvel that an audience, if only it be complimented for intelligence, (and the political speaker rarely fails to be smitten with a speech-compelling sense of the rare intelligence of his audience,) will sit and drink in with gusto the most appalling decoctions of buncombe and bluff.

Mr. Reed next talked of the advantages of protection, advancing the same old mossgrown statements with which we are all familiar,—that a system of protection is the best system in the world "for the distribution of the wonderful gifts of God which are strewn all over this mighty land,"—that protection is an attempt "to get all the profit that we can possibly have out of our business and out of the gifts of God in this country." But of *how* these things are to be accomplished by protection—not one word! No explanation of how, if protection is the best means to secure the distribution of wealth, it has happened that the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few has gone on so rapidly during the years of a high protective tariff. Then he talked of our market, which, he said, was, in 1892, the greatest market in the world because all the people had money to spend, and a great market is simply a place where people have money to spend, and the people have not money to spend now because the Democrats are in office, and—a great deal more to the same effect, ringing the changes on the word *money*, that word so sweet to the ears of the millions. Oh, he knew his audience! He stated that wages had gone on increasing until, at the time Cleveland was elected, for every dollar the man of brain and muscle gave, he received one dollar and seventy-one cents. How he justifies this statement from well-known facts is hard to understand. In fact, what he means by it at all is hard to find out. But it sounds all right if one does not try to find any sense in it; so it answers Mr. Reed's purpose. Then he did an example in simple arithmetic, reckoning 15,000,000 wage-earners, multiplying one cent by that number, making \$80,000 a day increase, \$30,000,000 a year increase, and if one cent a day meant \$30,000,000 a year, seventy-one cents meant \$2,150,000,000. Imagine if you can the profound sensation he created by impressively rolling out the words, "Two billions of dollars!" Can you not hear the cheers of that enlightened American audience? He said that this extra sum was spent making this the greatest market in the world. Now, suppose all this to be true,—and Mr. Reed's saying so is not an absolute guarantee that it is,—what has become of that two billions of dollars which he would imply were in circulation two years ago? Where are they now? He neglected to add that, if they ever existed, they have been withdrawn into the vaults of their owners, the National Bank Kings, enthroned by Mr. Reed's party during its many years of power. In almost the next breath he stated that wages are not to be summed up as they used to be in the old books on political economy, as a mere question of division—given so much of a wage fund, given so many people, make them the divisor and the wage fund the dividend, and the quotient is the answer. "Our wages today depend not upon any such juggling calculations, the elements of which no man ever knew," blared Mr. Reed. Now what is the difference, let us

ask, between this latter method of calculation and his own? He makes it a mere question of multiplication—the converse of division,—that is, he uses exactly the same method, only beginning at the other end—given so many people, given such an increase in wages, make the number of people the multiplier and the wage-increase the multiplicand, and the product is the answer. The same principle exactly. If the old way is juggling, this also is juggling. But to note all the absurdities and inconsistencies in the speech of this "chief" would consume more time and space than we can afford. What we have noted indicate the whole. And such a speech influences full grown men!—and wins votes for a party!—and in spite of such evidence to the contrary man is yet called a rational animal!

The tariff question can be resolved to just this: A portion of the people desire protection because the interests of that portion are promoted by protection; another portion, about equally large, advocates free trade because free trade would promote the interests of this latter portion. These conflicting interests make it impossible to satisfactorily and permanently settle the tariff question on any lines yet laid down by either the Republicans or the Democrats. The effort to discriminate—levying duties on certain products and making others free of duty—increases the conflict and the uncertainty. The paramount question is, How are these conflicting elements to be harmonized? If it is not possible to harmonize them under our present system of government, then there is something radically wrong with that system, and it is the duty of statesmen to discover where the wrong lies and to remedy it. But the problem is too broad and too deep for the puny mind of Thomas B. Reed to grasp.

There is one other point to be noted. The speaker dwelt upon the fact that the Republican party controlled this country for thirty-one years—for he did not count Cleveland's first four years as interrupting that reign (we presume because they were prosperous years and consequently must be counted for the Republicans). "Are you aware how remarkable that fact is in the history of the world? That continuance for thirty-one years of the same party in power is without a parallel in the history of the world." Thus asked and answered Mr. Reed. But he omitted to state that the devastation wrought in that time is equally remarkable and equally without a parallel in the history of the world. The day is fast approaching when it will be a hard matter to find a man with sufficient temerity to acknowledge that he ever voted with that party at any time during those years of infamy. We do not advocate the cause of the Democrats, but justice compels us to protest against their being blamed for that which, if they have had the will to accomplish, they certainly have not had the opportunity.—*Ella M. Castle.*

The Brotherhood of the New Commonwealth.

There being two factions of the Populist enterprise in Chicago, practically demonstrates the truth put forth by THE FLAMING SWORD and THE PLOWSHARE AND PRUNING HOOK, that something more than political purpose must determine the settlement of the great questions of the hour.

"How these brethren love one another," does not quite fit the present status of the two figments contending for recognition. If the Populists are to march to victory this fall, they must get out of the hands of the two old parties—where they are at—and get into line before election day, otherwise their votes will not count.

Give to the world the equation of justice, well conditioned with equity and mercy, and we will soon begin to realize the efficacy of the golden rule in the inauguration of the golden age.

Did Blessings Come With the Silver Dollar?

The 15th day of October, 1894, was the one hundredth anniversary of the creation of the first silver dollar ever minted in the United States. It was created as a legal tender for one dollar of debt, and from the moment of its creation was at par with its brother-in-law, the gold dollar, as in debt-paying one could pay no more than the other. On the passage of the Act of Congress in 1785, for the creation of the silver dollar, the dealers in gold made as much fight against the putting of the law into execution as one doctor would make against the coming of another physician to divide his practice and cheapen the cost of medical attendance to the sick. Not until October 15, 1794, was the machinery for minting silver dollars permitted to be put in operation. On the 18th of July, 1794, the Bank of Maryland deposited for coinage in the mint at Philadelphia a box filled with odds and ends of silver coins, chiefly those which had come here from France, to the bullion value of \$80,715 as the records prove. This was to be coined into full legal tender for the payment of debts, and gave to the Bank of Maryland this much of a start or advantage in having actual money to lend on interest to its customers. On the 15th of October, 1794, the first lot of these new American coins were ready and delivered, 1,758 bright silver dollars they were, to the bank; thus was opened a new way to legally pay debts.

With the coming of silver coins into existence, the power of the gold dealers, who demanded that from them the Government should buy the bullion required for the making of gold money or gold for the payment of debts, was divided. Gold and silver coins were side by side at their face value for years as debt payers, till the war came, when it was discovered that the Government had the same right and constitutional power to create full legal tender paper money as it had to create full legal gold money and full legal tender silver money; never did any country so withstand the shock of war, and proceed with her enterprises, as did this country under the encouraging companionship of what is still known as greenback money, termed greenbacks because of its being printed in green, the only color that could not be counterfeited by any of the processes of photography.

The demonetization of the silver dollar, and the conversion of the greenback dollars into non-taxable interest-drawing bonds were the two greatest crimes ever committed against the Government and the people of the United States; all this rot about international conferences to agree on what the people of America may use as legal tender at home is as absurd as to have a National Congress to agree on the size and material of tooth-picks, or the exact amount of water a man may use when washing his face and hands.—*Advance Thought.*

"Brick" Pomeroy's twaddle about the virtue of the silver dollar does not amount to much. When it was proposed to build the West Shore railroad as a competing line by the side of the New York Central, Vanderbilt knew that it meant one of two things; namely, that the two roads must pool their issues, or that the Vanderbilts must purchase the new road. The Vanderbilt system did not require the West Shore road to transact its business, therefore it did not want the road built.

Now the gold men know that if silver were remonetized they must pool their issues with the silver men in order to monopolize money, hence they object. As they can rob the people better on their own hooks without dividing up with another set of rascals equally as bad, they naturally prefer the single standard.

The credit of an individual, or the basis of the issue of his notes of hand, must depend upon his reputation for wealth; that is, behind his credit there must obtain a reputation for the fulfilment of obligations. This is also true of corporations. Likewise, a national credit must depend upon some substantial possibility of fulfilling its financial obligations. There must be a limit, then, to national credit. Whether a nation issues gold, silver, or paper, it cannot safely issue beyond a recognized credit, but it can make the most of the credit it possesses. Let us suppose that the Government issues silver or paper to the limit of its credit, how long would it require, under the present tendency and impetus to combine capital, for the millionaires to pool their interests and aggregate this *so called* money, and to rob the people? As long as the competitive system remains, so long

will the various issues of gold, silver, and paper be heaped up by the millionaire, and the financial crises continue to come at the same stated intervals.

In the beginning of a Jovinian year, money will be plentiful; at its termination it will be scarce, because, during the year, the greedy dogs—whose only study or effort is to gather all there is in issue—have accumulated the wealth. The more money in circulation, and the more prosperous the time when the money is issued, the greater the crisis at the end of the period when, through the competitive system, the people are robbed. While the competitive system lasts, the people will be slaves. The Lord Christ inaugurated the communistic system, which was but the planting of the seed of the divine kingdom. The seed died that it might bring forth its fruit at the end of the age. From that planting there is springing forth the order of righteousness. The competitive system will be destroyed, and from its ruins the united life system will arise. Above all things, the would-be reformers ought to learn the lesson of distinguishing between competition and the commonwealth.

Interest of every kind—great or small—is an abomination, and maketh desolate. It is the abomination of desolation. The money lender is the gainer, and the money borrower is the loser. This is an eternal and inevitable law. At one per cent, the lender gets rich and the borrower poor. The principle is false, and such a principle incorporated in any political platform classifies the party with those established on false principles. No party is true that advocates either lending or borrowing money at interest.

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The greatest amount of production, with the least expenditure of mental and physical energy, is a practical principle of economy, and is in direct opposition to the wage system. The wage system is a curse. It does not belong to the new order of things. Men should not work for wages, but for the entire proceeds of their industry, conducted on the most scientific and economical principles. The surplus—above the necessities, comforts, and reasonable luxuries—should go into the common fund belonging to all the people, to be devoted to the public welfare in all those enterprises now in the hand of corporations, but which are to be in the hands of the people.

Money Is a Destroyer.

Some people are getting their eyes open to the true nature of the present spurious measure of value; but it is pitiful to see the manner in which the mass of mankind clings to this foe of its peace and prosperity. They know a fine superstructure may be rendered worthless by a faulty substructure, but fail to comprehend that which should be equally patent—that a dishonest financial basis breeds extortion, theft, usury, and rapine throughout the whole system.

If a horse which refuses to be led from the conflagration that must speedily consume him, be blindfolded, he obeys the leading line; but men, standing blindly in a condition which will destroy them, refuse to have their eyes opened, or to be led!—*A. T. P.*

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A Clergyman on Monopolies.

All Honor to Him of the Cloth if He Has Spoken as Well
as He Knows.

The overshadowing curse of America today is monopoly. He puts his hands on every bushel of wheat, every sack of flour, and every ton of coal, and not a man, woman, or child in America but feels the touch of this money despotism. His scepter is made out of the iron track of railroading and the wire of telegraphy. He purposes to have everything his own way, for his own advantage and the people's robbery. He stands in a railroad depot and puts into his pockets each year \$200,000,000 beyond a reasonable charge for his services. He controls nominations and elections. He has the Democratic party in one pocket and the Republican in the other.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, 1891.*

To the public, the words of the Rev. Talmage have the weight of his personality, but we cannot expect one of his popularity to possess any extended portion of truth—to command the probe which reaches the uttermost depths of the world's wound; and not being able to probe it, he cannot come into a knowledge of the nature and seriousness of that wound. He has spoken as well as he knows; he has spoken as a superficial thinker speaks; he is a superficial people's superficial pet, under which circumstances it is much, very much, that he dares speak what he believes to be a truth, when through it he must hurl denunciation into the teeth of those who hold his fee for "preaching the Word of God." The ring of manliness in his disapproval buoys the hope in one's kind, however the Reverend, like a quack doctor, sees not beyond effect. Monopolies are but effects of the love of money, which effects will suffer extermination only through removal of the cause.

The physician kind and wise, while looking to the ultimate restoration of the health of the patient by the removal of the cause of disease, does not permit his treatment to ignore effects, but, to the added comfort and convenience of the afflicted, adapts the best means at hand; and just here and now there is the fanning of the embers of hope by the garments of the upspringing party—the People's party—the party as yet quite outside the monopolistic pocket.

Let us hope this party will exterminate some of the most oppressive of the monopolies. Acting under the prerogative of the right of eminent domain, may it bring the vast sweep of railway, telegraph, and telephone lines under not only the supervision but the ownership of the people. Under governmental rule, if the people choose to continue to pay one or two hundred per cent more than cost for their bodily transportation from point to point, the accruing fees will fall to the interest of the body aggregate, while it may not continue to be said that while the United States embraces one half the extent of the telegraph lines of the world, they are used only half as much as those of England, Germany, Austria, and France. Why? Those governments owning those lines regulate the message rate, while the lines of the United States, owned by monopoly, have the message rate fixed by monopolists. The renovating power must make use of such means as the times provide. May the People's party be a means!

Education must be made more far-reaching before the masses will discover, or believe when it is discovered for them, that the scepter of monopoly is not of "iron," but of gold—money! But for money, monopoly would possess no power to lay the hand upon "every bushel of wheat, every sack of flour, and every ton of coal." Monopoly's power over nomination and election will flee with his scepter—gold. What other bait, pray tell, has lured the g. o. p., and the other Grand Old Fraud—the Democratic host—into the monopolistic pocket? Will the People's party awaken to the true state of the situation and banish monopoly's scepter—money?

God hasten the day when the masses shall desire to

learn the means by which equitable exchange may be consummated! This knowledge awaits their acceptance, and will prove itself to be the fundamental factor in bringing upon monopoly the besom of destruction, and in restoring to downtrodden humanity its rights.—*A. T. Potter.*

Attend to Nominations.

No part of the political duty of a self-governing people is more sacred and important than that of selecting candidates for office. Yet no part is so shamefully neglected as this. In a government by the people, the people should first know what governmental service they need, then see to the selection of persons best qualified for that service. This done with our best wisdom (both masculine and feminine), and followed by conscientious voting and service at the polls, would bring results far more satisfactory to the people than those they now receive.

As the political machinery now runs, every male citizen, twenty-one years of age or over, marches up to the polls to cast his vote. Yet how many of these voters have attended their ward meetings and helped select delegates to send to the larger conventions to nominate the candidates for whom they are to vote? It is a well-known and deplorable fact that the primaries are comparatively poorly attended, and to a large extent by the lower element of society only. How can we expect to purify politics and the Government, if we do not attend to these first important steps? It is no honor, and not even a duty, to vote for an unworthy candidate. When people neglect their first political duty, they soon find their rights subverted or usurped. And so they deserve. If they do not have interest enough in governmental affairs to take time and trouble to attend the primary meetings, they had better give up trying to govern themselves, turn the business over to some one who has aspirations to rule, and let him be monarch plenipotentiary. It would save a good deal of campaigning, time, and money, and do away with the sham of calling this a government *by the people*. It is many a long day since this fair land was literally governed by her people through their true representatives. The ward element that could be bought by the scheming of wealth and ambition to serve its purposes, has made our nominations, and then the voters have voted for the nominees as proudly as though they personally knew them to be the best men alive! Why should a man be proud to drop a bit of paper in a box unless it represents a worthy deed? The franchise is no honor to man or woman unless through it honorable servants (who cannot be bought for gold) are placed in office. The right to vote is really a right only after the performance of the duty of selecting some one suitable to vote for.

A people as indifferent to their duties in selecting candidates as the American people are have no right to republican form of government. A government by the people has in it the inherent power of stability only when the people perform their duties. The one function of voting is a holiday affair compared with the duties of knowing the needs of a people and selecting instruments to supply those needs. A child might read the newspapers on the different candidates, and cast a vote for either of them with as much intelligence on the subject as the average voter; but it takes some time, thought, preliminary conventions, and consultation of mature-minded men and women, both wise and patriotic, to *prepare* for voting, which is the final act in the selection of public servants.

We cannot expect a real representative government until we are ready and willing as men, ready, willing, and *free* as women, to perform our *full* public duty.—*Alice Fox Miller.*

Our public service is a farce. The people are not served; they are robbed.

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As the political machinery now runs, every male citizen, twenty-one years of age or over, marches up to the polls to cast his vote. Yet how many of these voters have attended their ward meetings and helped select delegates to send to the larger conventions to nominate the candidates for whom they are to vote? It is a well-known and deplorable fact that the primaries are comparatively poorly attended, and to a large extent by the lower element of society only. How can we expect to purify politics and the Government, if we do not attend to these first important steps? It is no honor, and not even a duty, to vote for an unworthy candidate. When people neglect their first political duty, they soon find their rights subverted or usurped. And so they deserve. If they do not have interest enough in governmental affairs to take time and trouble to attend the primary meetings, they had better give up trying to govern themselves, turn the business over to some one who has aspirations to rule, and let him be monarch plenipotentiary. It would save a good deal of campaigning, time, and money, and do away with the sham of calling this a government *by the people*. It is many a long day since this fair land was literally governed by her people through their true representatives. The ward element that could be bought by the scheming of wealth and ambition to serve its purposes, has made our nominations, and then the voters have voted for the nominees as proudly as though they personally knew them to be the best men alive! Why should a man be proud to drop a bit of paper in a box unless it represents a worthy deed? The franchise is no honor to man or woman unless through it honorable servants (who cannot be bought for gold) are placed in office. The right to vote is really a right only after the performance of the duty of selecting some one suitable to vote for.

A people as indifferent to their duties in selecting candidates as the American people are have no right to republican form of government. A government by the people has in it the inherent power of stability only when the people perform their duties. The one function of voting is a holiday affair compared with the duties of knowing the needs of a people and selecting instruments to supply those needs. A child might read the newspapers on the different candidates, and cast a vote for either of them with as much intelligence on the subject as the average voter; but it takes some time, thought, preliminary conventions, and consultation of mature-minded men and women, both wise and patriotic, to prepare for voting, which is the final act in the selection of public servants.

We cannot expect a real representative government until we are ready and willing as men, ready, willing, and free as women, to perform our full public duty.—*Alice Fox Miller.*

Our public service is a farce. The people are not served; they are robbed.

Woman's Rights Advocated Before a Baltimore Debating Club in 1824.

At a meeting of the Maine Woman's Suffrage Association, Mr. Elwell, of the *Portland Transcript*, reviewed the career of John Neal. In the course of his remarks he related that in 1824 this brilliant man of letters was a member of a debating club of Baltimore, then his temporary residence. In a discussion of the question, "Is slavery just?" Mr. Neal, in opposition to his convictions, took the affirmative, and in confirmation of his premise concerning the colored people, proceeded, in the appended thrilling truths, to portray the condition of the female populace of Baltimore:—

If we can bind an apprentice for seven years, why not for life? Who shall be judge when it is asked how long an apprentice, a child, a wife, shall be rendered by law incapable of acquiring, holding, or transmitting property, except under special conditions, like the slave?

Take the best and most comprehensive definition of slavery, as you find it existing here, and you will be satisfied that one half of your whole white population—all your females—are born to slavery, that they live in slavery, and are dying in slavery; that is, in qualified bondage. They are taxed without representation. They cannot hold office. They are denied the right of suffrage. All their earnings and savings, after marriage, belong to their husbands, or masters, who make the laws. They can neither acquire, hold, nor transmit property, otherwise than as their masters, the lawgivers, may prescribe; here, by the intervention of trustees, and there by some other roundabout, costly, and troublesome process. Why then are they not slaves, as much as the blacks, though not often sold openly in the market? Are they ever their own mistresses? Who makes the laws for them? What would men say if women had the upper hand and made such laws for them? Being taxed, would they be satisfied with *virtual* representation, such as our fathers rebelled against? How would men like to be classed with infants, idiots, lunatics, and persons beyond sea, as all married women are? In a word, what would men say if the conditions were reversed, and they were dealt with as women are now? If all these things are just and lawful, while they affect the qualified bondage of apprentices, minors, and married women, why is not the qualified bondage that prevails here, under the name of slavery, capable of being justified by the principles of law—of English and American law, as well as by the civil, ecclesiastical, and Roman law?

These truths concerning the women of Maryland's capital were, and are, just as applicable to the residue of the females of the universe.—*A. T. Potter.*

An English View of American Conditions.

The signs of the times indicate that before the sun rises on January 1, 1900, the great American nation will groan and writhe in an agony of revolution, and the streets of all her great cities will be slippery with blood—a hundred drops of blood for each gem that flashes on the necks of the rich and pampered women, and ten drops of blood for each tear that has washed the face of the poor. In the North every election is carried by boodle; in the South every election is carried by buckshot. (Who said that?) Politics is so rotten that it stinks. Everybody knows it and nobody cares. America is no longer a republic. It is a plutocracy. The President is merely the creation of bank directors, railroad kings, and coal barons, and it is the same with the governors of the states. The poor whine about their poverty and gnaw their crusts of bread, but can always be counted on to vote for the rich, and nine tenths of them would shoulder their muskets and lay down their lives in defense of the right of the rich to rob them. A nation such as this, in which one million plutocrats tyrannize over sixty million slaves, will be either overthrown by a foreign foe, or drowned in its own blood, or die of gangrene. The various labor organizations neither think together, vote together, nor work together, and they have no money to buy votes, lawyers and judges. Soldiers and police shoot down laboring people and are cheered on in their bloody work by monopolists and editors and the clergy. But the day will soon come when there will be a horrible dance to death, lighted up by burning houses and the music of cries and groans and dynamite bombs. Rich idlers amuse themselves at Newport and Tuxedo; poor workers toil ceaselessly in the darkness of the mine and the din of the mill. Young men and women dawdle

over iced champagne and oyster patties; old men and women pick rotten food out of garbage cans. Lap dogs are driven through Central Park to take the air; children die of overwork in filthy garrets. Piety in the White House enjoying the fruits of bribery—infidelity in the tenement house enduring the punishment of uprightness. These are the signs of the times in America today—signs that point to calamities too dreadful to imagine, but which nothing can avert.—*London Echo.*

The Fall of New Babylon.

"Be still and know that I am God!"

This message fell distinct and low
While wealth with steel and iron shod,
Crushed out the cries of want and woe;
And from the scourged and bleeding throng—
As if to end the age-long tryst—
With eyes rebuking gilded wrong,
Shone forth the wondrous face of Christ.

Men heeded neither voice nor look—
For Mammon's vampires asked for blood—
And what were signs and omens, took
The forms of conflict, flame, and flood;
The tempest down the mountains whirled;
The lightnings danced among the crags;
And far below the breakers curled
And raised on high their battle flags.

The ocean's heart with angry beats—
Swayed by the earthquake's fiery breath—
Uplifted cities, troops, and fleets,
And hurled them down to wreck and death;
Then rose the death yell of the old—
The old, dark age of ruthless gain,
Of crouching thieves and warriors bold
Who slew the just and robbed the slain.

For he who led the hordes of night—
The monarch of marauding bands—
Went down before the sword of light
That flashed upon the plundered lands;
And stretched upon his mighty bier,
With broken helmet on his head,
And hands still clutching brand and spear,
The king at last lay prone and dead.

The birds of conquest o'er him swooped
In baffled rage and terror wild,
The silent fates around him stooped
To deck with flowers their fallen child;
And where the powers of shore and wave
Together clashed in border wars,
With system piled upon his grave,
They left the meteor-son of Mars.

The cruel rule of craft and pelf
Had vanquished like a midnight pall
The cold, hard motto, "Each for self,"
Had melted into "Each for all,"
For every human ear and heart
Had heard the message, "Peace, be still!"
And sought, through freedom's highest art,
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From ocean rim to mountain height
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Dignity of Labor.

Every one no doubt has seen the figure of labor standing on its dignity as pictured by the politicians and newspapers. It is an heroic picture, indeed—a sort of deity, as it were—gazing boldly and defiantly at the humble capitalists and the trembling monopolists, awe-stricken by the grandeur of the sphinx-like form. Labor, while in quiet and dignified repose (according to the vote hunters), was undoubtedly modeled after Hercules of old, after he had put the finishing touches to Geryon, the three-bodied monster who used to feed his oxen with little children, smash the seven-headed hydra of Lake Lerna into smithereens, scrub the Augean stables, or wipe up the earth with the body of Cacus, who brought disgrace upon his father Vulcan, an early iron-worker, by becoming a professional scab and all-round tough citizen.

But while the Hercules of mythology is said to have performed some wonderful reforms in his time, the modern Hercules seems to have been lulled to sleep by flattery, and only wakes up once or twice a year, and then only long enough to cast an impotent vote. Sometimes, during bad dreams, he wildly strikes about him, only to be exhausted without accomplishing very much. And while this modern giant sleeps, behold the Geryons dragging forth children, and women too, from their homes and hurling them into cavernous maws of workshops and factories, to be slowly consumed by unnatural conditions. The seven-headed hydra of monopoly spreads its slimy fangs from ocean to ocean, clutching in its foul grasp the land that was the heritage of all, and the wealth that was created for all; the stables of politics are again reeking with filth that is corrupting the best thought of the age, and the Cacus are multiplying in thousand fold, robbing their neighbors and committing deeds that are shameful and dishonorable.

The labor-Hercules became vain and boastful of his own importance; he loved empty flattery and false praise; he slept in the house of his friends, as he thought. But the world moves, and as time goes on he finds that he is a prisoner, bound by ties of habit and intolerant bigotry. He squirms and struggles, rolling from side to side, guided by the empty platitudes of his captors, the dull monotony of which is growing tortuous. Awake he will, and then let the guilty beware!

The dignity of labor will only be realized when those who perform honest toil stand by one another. It will be an accomplished fact when men learn to read history aright; when they leave the old, worn-out ruts and follow the new paths of progress; when they refuse to be longer misled by false prophets. Be a partisan, but be a labor partisan! And when you are a labor partisan, neighbor, then your home is in organized labor's ranks!

Stand up for labor in the shop! Stand up for labor on the outside! Stand up for labor at the ballot-box! Vote and agitate against the infernal system that beggars those who toil, and makes millionaires of those who toil not. That will maintain the dignity of labor; that should be the keynote in every industrial center of this country! Down with class privilege and the two corrupt old parties that uphold it! Strike at the ballot-box against the ruffians who throttle patriotism and enslave labor by vicious legislation; who make men and women paupers and imprison them for being paupers; who muzzle free speech and a free press; who have turned our legislative halls into dens of jobbery, and whose satanic greed for pelf is prostituting our courts of justice!—*Cleveland Citizen.*

The Dangerous Classes.

No, this Republic of ours is far from the kingdom of heaven, and unless a change takes place speedily the outlook is perilous. Talk about the dangerous classes! Who are they? The strikers? The socialists? The anarchists? I tell you, nay. The dangerous classes in this Republic today are the rich manufacturers, the railway kings, the coal barons, the oil monopolists, the wheat and pork manipulators, the land syndicates; they are the men and the corporations whose money power exploits the wage slave in gangs at the polls, and wields our legislatures, Congress, and presidential campaigns in the interest of plutocracy. This damnable aristocracy of overgrown wealth (wrung from the sweat and blood of the toilers) is amusing itself with half-million dollar fancy stables, and twenty thousand dollar diamond ornamentation for a pug dog, while the land is filled with starving men, women, and children—blasphemy against humanity and humanity's God. These are the dangerous classes in this Republic, and they are threatening the overthrow of our free institutions a thousand times more perilously than all the anarchists that ever dreamed of dynamite or headed a mob.—*New Charter.*

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The labor-Hercules became vain and boastful of his own importance; he loved empty flattery and false praise; he slept in the house of his friends, as he thought. But the world moves, and as time goes on he finds that he is a prisoner, bound by ties of habit and intolerant bigotry. He squirms and struggles, rolling from side to side, guided by the empty platitudes of his captors, the dull monotony of which is growing tortuous. Awake he will, and then let the guilty beware!

The dignity of labor will only be realized when those who perform honest toil stand by one another. It will be an accomplished fact when men learn to read history aright; when they leave the old, worn-out ruts and follow the new paths of progress; when they refuse to be longer misled by false prophets. Be a partisan, but be a labor partisan! And when you are a labor partisan, neighbor, then your home is in organized labor's ranks!

Stand up for labor in the shop! Stand up for labor on the outside! Stand up for labor at the ballot-box! Vote and agitate against the infernal system that beggars those who toil, and makes millionaires of those who toil not. That will maintain the dignity of labor; that should be the keynote in every industrial center of this country! Down with class privilege and the two corrupt old parties that uphold it! Strike at the ballot-box against the ruffians who throttle patriotism and enslave labor by vicious legislation; who make men and women paupers and imprison them for being paupers; who muzzle free speech and a free press; who have turned our legislative halls into dens of jobbery, and whose satanic greed for pelf is prostituting our courts of justice!—*Cleveland Citizen.*

The Dangerous Classes.

No, this Republic of ours is far from the kingdom of heaven, and unless a change takes place speedily the outlook is perilous. Talk about the dangerous classes! Who are they? The strikers? The socialists? The anarchists? I tell you, nay. The dangerous classes in this Republic today are the rich manufacturers, the railway kings, the coal barons, the oil monopolists, the wheat and pork manipulators, the land syndicates; they are the men and the corporations whose money power exploits the wage slave in gangs at the polls, and wields our legislatures, Congress, and presidential campaigns in the interest of plutocracy. This damnable aristocracy of overgrown wealth (wrung from the sweat and blood of the toilers) is amusing itself with half-million dollar fancy stables, and twenty thousand dollar diamond ornamentation for a pug dog, while the land is filled with starving men, women, and children—blasphemy against humanity and humanity's God. These are the dangerous classes in this Republic, and they are threatening the overthrow of our free institutions a thousand times more perilously than all the anarchists that ever dreamed of dynamite or headed a mob.—*New Charter.*

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